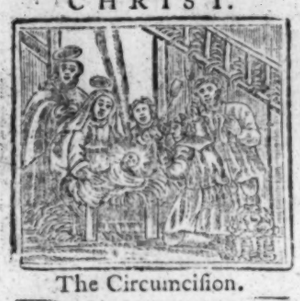
C. 160 dd. 3

The Visiation of the Blessed Virgin.

The Shepherds Worship CHRIST.



The Circumcision.

Herod's Cruelty.

Christ tempted by Satan in the Wilderness.

The Marriage in Cana.

The Birth of Christ.

The Wise Mens Offering.

Joseph's Flight into Egypt.

CHRIST Baptized by John the Baptist.

Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem.

Stephen Stoned.

A Copy of VERSES Humbly Presented to all my Worthy Masters and Mistresses, In the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, in the second Division of the *Old Town*,

By *John Williams*, *Beadle* and *Bellman*.

PROLOGUE.

WHene'er a Play is first brought on the Stage,
As many are in this dramatic Age,
A Prologue must be had,—to please the Town,
Or else the Play will hardly e'er go down :—
So without some such Bait, this humble Sheet,
May not with your Applause so freely meet ;—
Your Bellman therefore, worthy Sirs, designs
To give by way of Prologue, these few Lines.

On St. Michael.

SWell'd to that height of Pride the Serpent grew,
He strove th' Almighty's Power to subdue ;
But by the bless'd St. Michael's Sword he fell,
And doom'd below eternally to dwell :
From whence, in vain, he strives to rise again,
For he in Darkness ever must remain ;
Whilst Michael in high Heav'n's thrice blest Abode,
Lives in the full Enjoyment of his God.

On St. Luke.

ST. Luke, illustrious in the Rolls of Fame,
Through the whole World's a venerable Name,
Painter, Physician, and Evangelist,
And above all a faithful Son of Christ ;
The sacred Doctrine he to all Man taught,
The great and glorious Wonders that he wrought.
If we would spend our Days without rebuke,
Let's imitate the Life of good St. Luke.

On All Saints.

HOW many Saints their Lives have freely given ?
And suffer'd Martyrdom to merit Heav'n :
Therefore, the Church this Day does celebrate,
In blest Remembrance of our happy State ;
To teach us that we should all Pain despise,
And to our heav'nly Father turn our Eyes ;
That we for Christ should even Death defy,
And learn like them to live, like them to die.

On St. Andrew.

ST. Andrew did Christ's heav'nly Doctrine teach,
And to the unrelenting Sinners preach :
For preaching thus the holy Word of God,
With bitter Pangs he felt a Tyrant's rod ;
But still the Wicked firmly strove to bring
To the true Knowledge of their heav'nly King ;
And when unto the Cross this Saint was ty'd
He scorn'd their Malice and with Courage dy'd.

On St. Thomas.

WHAT Cares attend the hapless State of Man,
Whom Satan at all Times strives to trepan ;
St. Thomas, tho' inspir'd, his Flesh was frail,
As Man he sinn'd ; thus Nature did prevail :
He knew full well from whence his Master came,
And that the Holy Jesus was his Name :
But when his Faith was strengthen'd, he ador'd
The Mercy and great Goodness of his Lord.

On Christmas Eve.

AWAKE my gentle Fair Ones, quickly rise,
No longer let dull Slumber seal your Eyes,
Christmas your cleanly Labour now requires,
To make your Pies, and spit your Beef for Fires :
But then be sure to mind and Tap your Beer,
That claims, like all the rest, peculiar Care.
Tho' all Things else is got, nought will avail,
A slice of Beef requires a Cup of Ale.

On Christmas Day.

CHEAR up, fond Soul ! let nothing thee dismay,
Salvation's sure, will thou but seek the Way :
For on this Day, on this same glorious Morn,
Was the great Saviour of the World then born :
Then tune ye heav'nly Lyre, and you celestial Spheres,
And with harmonious Mube fill our Ears :
Rejoice ye Mortals that are here on Earth,
And with great Joy all celebrate his Birth.

On St. Stephen.

THE good St. Stephen with uplifted Eyes,
Beheld his Saviour looking from the Skies,
To see that his great Saint with Patience stood,
And pray'd for those that thirsted for his Blood ;
For their sad Hearts were harder than the Stones
That bruis'd his Flesh and broke his very Bones ;
Yet for all this he to the Lord did pray,
That to their Charge their Crimes he would not lay.

On St. John.

HAPPY the Saint who had such Power giv'n,
To fear no cruel Pangs, but pant for Heav'n ;
No fear of Death as pass'd Soul could move ;
His Mind was fix'd on Joys above ;
No Persecutions did his Thoughts prevent,
For Christ he dreadful Trials underwent :
Leaving a wicked World, he soon retir'd
To Patmos Isle, where he in Peace expired.

On Innocents Day.

HEROD, that cruel Tyrant, he contrives
To take away the harmless Infants Lives,
He gave an Order for his Slaves to kill
All infant Males, to gratify his Will,
And to prevent the great Designs of Heav'n ;
For which a just Reward to him was giv'n ;
Almighty Vengeance did him overtake,
Destroy'd by Worms his Exit he did make.

On New-Year's Day.

SWIFT winged Time doth pass along apace,
And Man also doth quickly run his Race ;
May every New Year's Day which does commence,
Produce in each of us a lively Sence
Of the Uncertainty of all Things here,
That for eternal Joys we may prepare ;
And live so well that we may Death defy,
And fear no Terrors when we come to die.

On Twelfth-Day.

IN Britain's Isle, a Custom does prevail,
To celebrate this Day with Cakes and Ale,
In Memory of our Saviour, when from Far,
The learned Sages spy'd the glitt'ring Star ;
Brisk Lads and Lasses all with chearful Mien,
Meet to be Merry, and chuse King and Queen ;
The sparkling Cake upon the Table stands,
While each their Chances draw with trembling Hands.

On the King and Queen.

HAIL glorious Pair, the Joy of ev'ry Mind,
In the we hope, and certainly shall find
A noble King and Queen, whom Heav'n bless,
And crown them both with Plenty and Success :
May God protect, while Time keeps on her Wing,
The royal House of our illustrious King ;
Princes and Princesses, make them thy Care,
And each of those thy tender Blessings share.

To my Masters.

TO you, most worthy Sirs, I owe Respect ;
My nightly Duty I will ne'er neglect ;
But bravely Face the Dangers of the Night,
And sturdy Villains will I put to flight ;
There's none shall e'er disturb you while you sleep,
For I will strive in Safety you to keep ;
Nor will I mind the Dangers I go through,
For I don't fear a good Return from you.

To my Mistresses.

TO me my Mistresses where always kind,
And from their Bounty I much Comfort find :
Their beautious Charms I justly would display,
Since they appear transparent as the Day,
And gives my Masters Comfort and Delight,
When they with Joy do pass away the Night.
To take a virtuous Woman in their Arms,
O the dear Thought ! how it with Pleasure charms.

To the Young Men.

CONsider Youth, how swift each Minute flies,
And from that serious Thought, learn to be wise :
But if a fond Desire tempts you to wed,
Then take a virtuous Maiden to your Bed ;
A vicious Woman soon your Health destroys,
But a good Woman yield's substantial Joys ;
And while you live do all the Good you can,
So shall you gain the Love of God and Man.

To the Young Maids.

LET Innocence, fair Damsels, void of Pride,
Within your strictly guarded Breasts reside ;
Beauty has Charms, but Virtue many more,
The Loss of which you can't enough deplore ;
O be by no inveigling Arts deceiv'd ;
A Character, when gone, is ne'er retriev'd ;
Then pray consider and take good advice,
And e'er too late pray study to be Wise.

On Crispin.

YE Brethren of the Awl, your Beds forsake,
And all the Pleasures of this Day partake :
St. Crispin was a Prince, you all must own,
Yet for an Awl and Last despis'd a Throne ;
Then to his Mem'ry let due Thanks be paid,
And for one single Day defer your Trade ;
So throw your Tools all by and never strive,
For if you Work this Day 'twill never thrive.

To return Thanks.

MY hearty Thanks I to you all repay
For all your Kindnesses, great Sirs, and pray
That Heaven would your gen'rous Deeds reward,
Who unto me have shewn so much Regard ;
As I've the Happiness your Love to gain,
The same I will endeavour to maintain ;
To please you all shall be my chief delight,
May God protect you all both Day and Night.

EPILOGUE.

WHEN first your Bellman, Sirs, took up his Pen,
Frighten'd to Death, he laid it Down again,
He knew and many an Instance serves to shew it,
That none could make, but what was born, a Poet ;
He soon reviv'd, and found upon Reflection,
That gen'rous Persons seldom gave Correction ;
Urg'd on by this, he offers what you see,
And hopes you'll not refuse the usual Fee.

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The LORD's SUPPER

Judas Betrays Christ.

Peter Denies Christ.

Christ's Crucifixion.

The Resurrection.

Christ's Ascension.